

"Come, Heavenly Dove."

[TRANSLATED FROM THE WELSH HYMN BOOK.]

TUNE—"Begone, Dull Care."

COME, Heavenly Dove,
Descend, and gladness bring;
Come, Heavenly Dove,
And tune each heart to sing.
The Savior promised, when on earth,
The Comforter to send;
Then, gracious God,
Let him be now our friend.
He leads us right, dispels our fears,
Makes sweet the chastening rod,
And in our bosoms testifies
That we are saints of God.

Heavenly Dove,
We hail'd thee oft before;
Heavenly Dove,
Stay with us evermore.
It comes as if with burning fire,
Yet comes but to its own;
Then, Heavenly Father, hear us now,
And pour its blessings down.
It leads us right, dispels our fears,
Makes sweet the chastening rod,
And in our bosoms testifies
That we are saints of God.

JOHN S. DAVIS.

G. S. L. City, Jan. 7, 1858.

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